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MY RECOLLECTIONS OF ONTARIO

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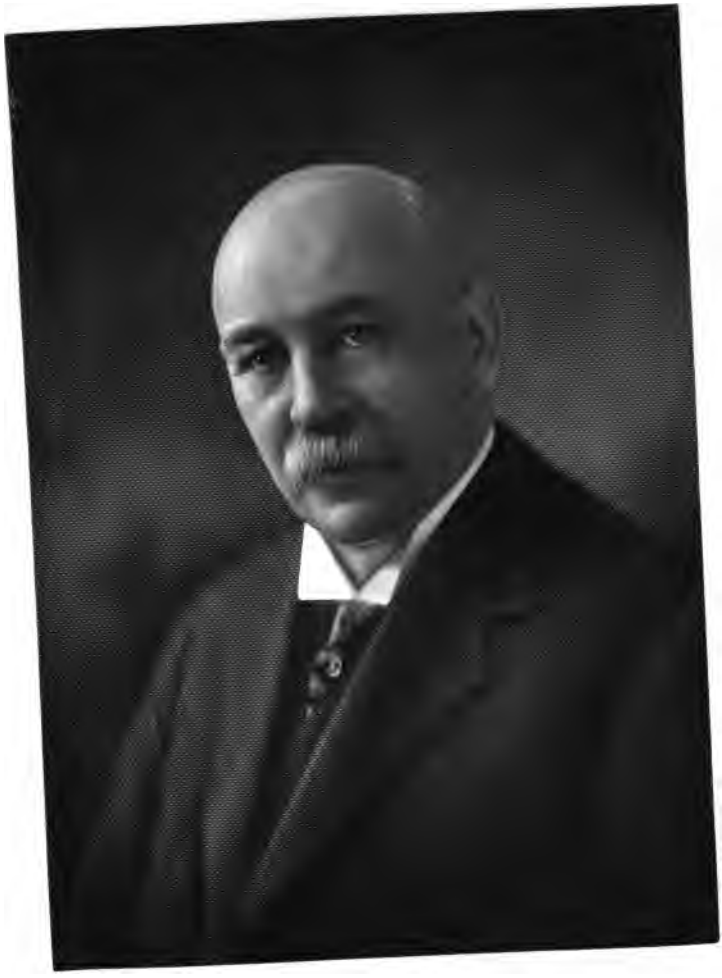

John Clay

My Recollections of Ontario

By

JOHN CLAY

CHICAGO

1918

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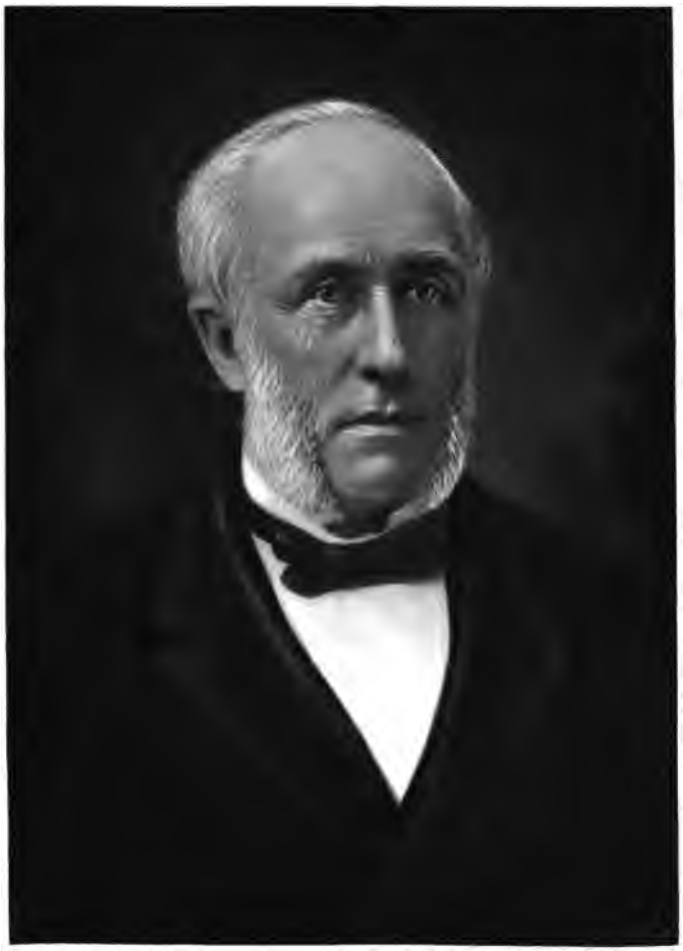
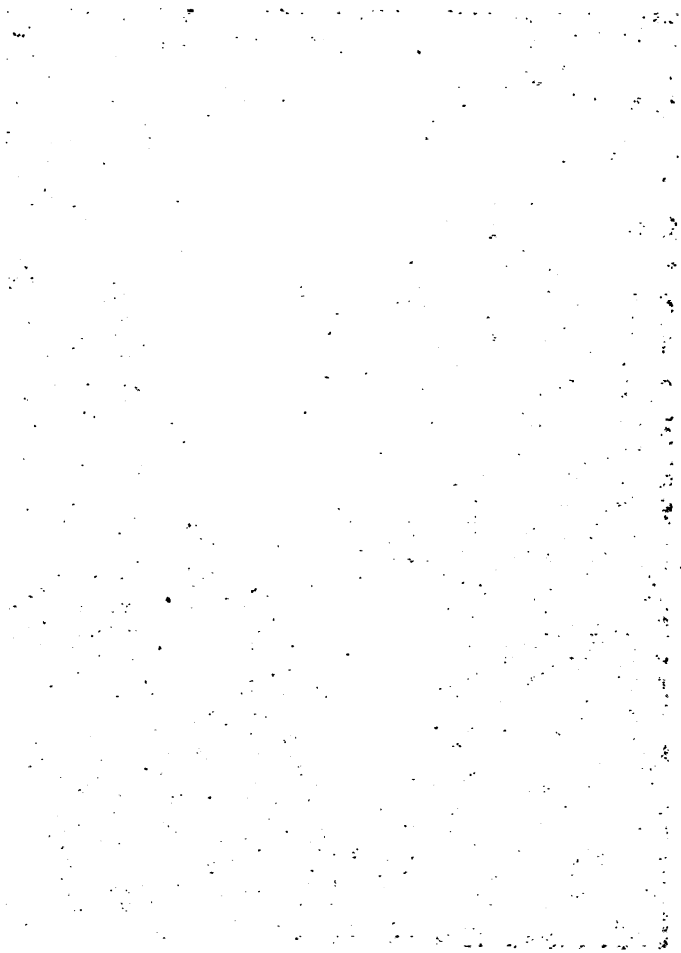
Foreword

The chapters contained in this book were originally written for the Farmer's Magazine, published in Toronto, Ontario. They were reproduced in the *Live Stock Report*, the house organ of Clay, Robinson & Company. This book, of which one thousand copies have been produced, is printed for private circulation and is being distributed among personal friends of the writer, at home and abroad. It adds something to the history of the Shorthorn in America, and it portrays some of the characters who acted a great part in connection with those cattle about forty years ago.

The writer has had to trust to memory for many of the facts, and if there are any mistakes, it is to be hoped his readers will forgive them.



Geo. Brown



MY RECOLLECTIONS OF ONTARIO

ON THE 30th of June, 1874, I sat down in a Pullman car on the 5:15 Michigan Central train at the old Randolph Street depot in Chicago. Opposite sat a man well on in the thirties whose speech soon told he was an Englishman from the Midlands. He was somewhat soft-spoken, with the manners of a country gentleman, just such a man as you would meet in the hunting field or at market. He wore a loose tweed suit, had light brown hair, and a kindly expression. As we left the city and ran out into the uninteresting country east of it, we naturally drifted into conversation and before the night was over we had exchanged confidences. To us it seemed only a coincidence when he told me his name — Richard Gibson of Delaware, Ontario, and next morning as he got off at London it seemed good-bye, not *au revoir*.

This was the commencement of a friendship which was only closed by his death some years ago. After this chance meeting it was always pleasant to meet dear old Dick in the show ring, at the International, or under the shadow of the Rockies when we made a trip to the Colorado sheep feeding grounds. Among other qualities, he had a facile pen and it ran riot when he got on old days, among English villages, or simple homesteads, with cows that were rich at the pail, or towering castles, for

he was born under the walls of Belvoir where horse, hound and huntsman went merrily forth on winter mornings to pursue the fox. It is well that he lived in those days; that the glamor hanging round, festooned by garlands and fairy-like in its rich colors, should have guarded his life from these sad scenes which to-day are written deep in blood on the fields of Flanders or pierce the quiet of some little thatched cottage with its latticed windows and trailing roses amid English meadow lands from whence father or son responded to the call of his country.

Although from the first days I landed in the States I have felt at home, become one of the nation, yet after ten weeks' traveling South and West in this my now adopted country it was pleasant to return to the Dominion of Canada to meet more especially Scotch folks. Blood is thicker than water. You heard a familiar tongue, the stories of youth were retold and about the farms and villages there was an atmosphere of home. It is a delightful run from London to St. Catharines, my objective point. The farms in Oxford County, the lovely view from above Dundas, the rich fruit farms of the peninsula beyond Hamilton, are all photographed in my memory and even to-day, after seeing every nook and corner of this continent, it is pleasant to go over this beaten ground.

In the days to come it will be more or less a land of romance. Guarded by Lake Erie on the south, eastwards by the Niagara River, northwards by Lake Ontario, scene of the Fenian raid and other historic episodes, with a lovely soft climate and sheltered by hills, it will ever be a beauty spot, gifted by nature to a thrifty province.

My mind often reverts to this first visit to Canada. I think, outside of the people, the beauty of the foliage made the greatest impression on my mind. The snake fence, the blackened stumps, the log cabins fast disap-

pearing, claimed your notice, but they were all dwarfed in the wonderland of the woods and their mysterious depths. I mentioned St. Catharines, and the reader will naturally wonder why stop off there and not go ahead. Shakespeare says aptly, "Though this be madness yet there is method in't." Beyond this place lies Niagara Falls and about the rapacity of the cabmen and other harpies I had heard so much that with the proverbial caution of the Scotch race I had made up my mind to view the land on foot without bag or baggage, and if possible avoid the traps set for the innocent tourist. Further, I had a letter to a gentleman with an imposing military title who had visited Scotland some years previously and was supposed to be a personage of great influence in the province. As it happened to be Dominion Day (1st July) I made my way to the fair grounds where a great meeting was being held, a sort of picnic with games, music, races and other amusements. It was easy to get acquainted there and as a fresh run Scot I was introduced to the mayor of the town, who was acting as master of ceremonies. When I got an opportunity I asked if the gentleman I expected to meet was present. To this day I will never forget the sort of sniff that came as an answer. No, he was not there and the above told its own story. The mayor came from my county in Scotland and made it very pleasant for me, but I think for some reason never discovered that letter of introduction gave me more or less of a black eye in his estimation. In after years when we met occasionally, I always felt the presence of a black dog on my back; a burden placed upon me innocently by a mutual friend. Eventually when I was hospitably entertained by this party, I found him what is called in the States a bit of a fore-flusher, and while he took me under his roof it was a little unpleasant, for his family intimated that instead of gadding about

with a guest he would have been more profitably employed in the hay field. When out of kindness, curiosity, business or a dislike to work, he accompanied me to Toronto against the wishes of his folks, I felt more and more embarrassed and when he returned to his farm it was a great relief.

In those days Niagara was the Mecca of tourists. "See Naples and then die" is a proverb, and so the famous Falls held the same niche in the American mind, so next morning, staff in hand, I entered upon the great adventure of taking in the sights and running the gauntlet of hack driver, tout and stores. A man's imagination carries him a long way; visions of trouble rise up from pigmies to giants and when I look back after nearly half a century there was an object lesson in those illusions which has been of the greatest benefit. Landing at what was then the Great Western depot, I asked a man on the platform the way to the Falls. He was politeness itself and on a warm summer's forenoon I took the road by the riverside, a sure guide being the mist rising from the waters at the base of the Falls and the sullen roar that broke the silence. On the way I overtook an old farmer carrying the variegated cloth bag that was so common in Scotland in the days of my youth. It looked homelike and we struck up a conversation at once. The perspiration was rolling off the old man's brow and I volunteered to give him a hand with his load.

"I suppose you are bound for the Falls?" I said. "Aye, aye, sir, I have lived for thirty years within fifty miles of them and, strange to say, never saw them, so I thought I would make the trip and see the eighth wonder of the world."

So we strolled along, each taking a turn at the gripsack, and on the way he told me how he had migrated to this country and had been fairly prosperous. Then at

a turn in the road we caught sight of the Falls, saw the blue waters jump into the abyss below and watched the great spiral column of spray rise in majesty above the river. Since then I have watched it many times, but that first glimpse remains in memory steadfast, deep graven there, no descendant of Old Mortality needed to decipher the lettering in the granite or sandstone.

The turn in a man's fortune comes in many ways. Sometimes it comes by some stray thought in the shadows of the night; at others it is flashed across his path in the vivid sunlight, but it comes to everyone. Some seize opportunity, others let it slip and the best men I have known have grown great not so much in riches as in character, through adversity or what seemed that to them at the time. This, however, is true: If a man has not made a success in some way or other before he is forty years of age, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will never do much good, at least in a business way. We used to talk about worthy men in Scotland. That meant a very decent, respectable citizen who had never done much good or evil in his life, a sort of neutral, good-natured fellow who had probably made a good woman a husband. Previous to visiting the States and Canada I had been raised on a Scotch farm; in fact, my father had several large places, lowland and hill. There you lived an easy existence, a good deal of work of a kind, a lot of quiet social life and a great many hours of sporting. You learned to be an average fisherman, a good shot and mostly every young man of my age and station became an expert horseman and fearless rider. You enjoyed what the great Jorrocks described as "the sport of kings, the image of warfare, with only twenty-five per cent of the danger and none of the guilt." Most of the men in my class dropped into this life of ease with dignity and there a lot of them have remained. They hunted

a bit, generally got married, and if they were shrewd and thrifty managed to get along as their fathers had done before them. There were failures. Less than fifty per cent are probably farming in the neighborhood of their birth, a very few have made successes in other lines of business and the balance have disappeared or gone to the scrap heap. If you were in a fairly prosperous condition it was a hard life to break away from.

The daily work, the evening pleasures, the sporting days, coming too often for your pocket-book, the long winter nights, when you could console yourself with your books, the summer evenings when you went out in the gloaming to commune with nature or listen to the lark's requiem before she sought her downy nest. All these wrapped a mystic band around your heart and bound you to your native soil. For what is finer than the dew-kissed meadow where morn or eve the patient cow waits at the gate to be relieved of her milk, or far up on green hillsides you see the white clothed ewes and lambs nibbling their way to the utmost height where when darkness comes they will rest till "the grey-eyed morn" touches the neighboring peaks with "streaks of light?"

All this and more fascinates, enthralls, binds your soul and while away possibly for good I sympathize with the Canadian who was told by Dr. Norman McLeod that he should be proud of his adopted country, and he promptly replied something to this effect: "That's a'right, Doctor, but there are nae yellow yorlings here and there are nae braes like Yarrow." He would be a bold man who would argue that point with a Scotchman.

There are large families on those border farms and, generally speaking, the eldest son stayed at home and grew up to help the father—with this disadvantage, that he remained very much the boy at home and when he did come into his heritage, probably at a mature age,

he had only a small amount to his credit. Several instances had come under my observation among our neighbors, and while directly this thought did not influence me at the time, I made up my mind backed up by my parents to see a little of the world, and as I had not the money saved to go around the world, I fortunately had enough to make a four months' trip in the States and Canada. I had no end of letters of introduction but none of any great business value; in fact, that was not their intention, but a circumstance arose which changed my whole life and made me eventually a trans-Atlantic citizen. There is a point called St. Abb's head which reaches out in bold contour into the North Sea. Near there is a fine farm held by an old Scotch family. My mother, who lived a few miles away, grew up with those folks and just before I reached Toronto, she wrote me a letter asking me to call on her old chum as a girl who had married a doctor in Toronto. So out of courtesy and old friendship I found the lady, who gave me a generous reception. More than that, her son, now a leading lawyer in the above city, showed me round and among other people he introduced me to the Hon. George Brown, proprietor of the Toronto *Globe*, otherwise known as the Scotchman's Bible, and also the owner of the Bow Park farm near Brantford.*

Brown was an enthusiast in agriculture and we soon found common ground to stand upon. After half an hour's talk in which we discovered mutual acquaintances, he asked me to go down the next day to Brantford (a Friday) and stay over Sunday; and this I did. Brown at that time was at the height of his great career. He

*George Brown was born at Alloa, Scotland, 29th November 1818. He came to New York with his father in 1838. They moved to Toronto, Ontario, in 1843. He died there 10th May, 1880. Mr. Bengough, a brother journalist, wrote this couplet:

"His nature was a rushing mountain stream;
His faults but eddies which its swiftness bred."

was a tall, somewhat slender man, his gray hair still tinged with red, its original color. He had strong features, a prominent nose, a strong chin, with a kindly sort of sleepy eye that flashed as he spoke. He had the manners of a Chesterfield, but he was autocratic in his methods and unfortunately the spirit of compromise was largely left out of his nature. In his home he was delightful, while on the farm he was one of the most charming men I ever met.

He had a favorite pastime in collecting stones and piling them so that they could be removed by wagons. It was rather ludicrous to see him bending over, his long, rather lank figure not being exactly suited to the work, but he kept talking all the time and out of courtesy you had to assist in the stone collecting.

He had the theories of agriculture at his finger ends, but the practical part of it was a sealed book, as will develop as this story proceeds. His enthusiasm was catching and you were carried away by his flood of eloquent talk. Sometimes he deviated from his favorite subject and made a raid into the political situation, not only of Canada, but the world in general. He was a friend of Gladstone, John Bright and Cobden, and he had known Lord Palmerston. In the Dominion which owed its birth to him he was first a patriot and then a partisan. He had fought the battle of "Rep by Pop" (representation by population). He had unearthed scandals; he was not too friendly to either Great Britain or the United States. He thought the mother country did not pay proper attention to its child, and the Alabama award did not sit well with him. As we look back, Canada in those days was a bursting bud long held back. She was on the eve of a great evolution. The North-west, still underestimated by the wildest dreamer, was coming to its own. Brown worked for this end never realizing the value of its wheat

THE OLD HOMESTEAD AT BOW PARK

lands, or the richness of the Pacific provinces. Like Moses, he saw the Promised Land but did not live to see its fruition. As I look over the notes made there forty-four years ago it is amazing to see the range of his mentality.

As an editor, he had to study these matters and down on the farm he let himself loose, expressing freely his views on men and their methods. In the after years when I got to know him better, a good deal of his knowledge was surface work, but his aims were high and his political honesty beyond reproach. Away from his newspaper, on the banks of the Grand River, the Shorthorn was Brown's god. He loved them but he treated them badly; further, almost infamously. Then I had no experience of the soiling system and in the two days I was at the farm it looked all right, but for a breeding herd it is unnatural. It may suit a dairy cow you are forcing for milk, but a breeding one is certainly out of place in a close barn in summer time, getting little or no exercise. Nature's functions are not ministered to or expanded. This I will say, however, that I learned more about Shorthorns in these two days than all my previous life, for not only had I Mr. Brown as a preceptor, but Mr. John R. Page of Sennett, N. Y.

Page was a genius. He came into world-wide fame as the auctioneer at the New York Mills sale. He was a little spare man with the keenest black eyes you ever saw. He was quick, versatile and handled a pencil and brush most effectively. He had come to make some sketches for a sale catalogue, and the rapidity of his work was marvelous; then it was accurate. Many years afterwards I employed him to paint the Fourth Duke of Clarence and some of his progeny and the results were more than satisfactory. Over and above his mind was an encyclopedia of Shorthorn lore and when he was in congenial company he bubbled over with anecdote. Unfortunately

in after years Mr. Brown and he disagreed about some work he did. When the former died I had to settle the matter under somewhat trying circumstances, but we remained friends all the same and some of the happiest hours I ever spent were with Page. He was a singularly simple-minded man, economical and saving and yet there was a refreshing influence when you associated with him. On his little farm in New York State he spent the evening of his days quietly, respected by his neighbors and all who knew him. I have digressed this far to show what pleasant hours come into your life more or less by accident or better still, by good luck.

The Bow Park farm consisted of 900 acres; latterly it was increased to 1,000 acres. As a farm it was probably as fine and well adapted to the purpose as can be found on this continent. A third of it was warm gravelly soil, lying up to the bluffs of the river as it rounded the western and northern side of the place. The middle third was a fine loam easily worked and very prolific. The other third, lying on the lowlands on the east and just a little above the river level, was bottom land of the finest quality, rich in alluvial deposit and an ideal tract for permanent grass. When I was there at the above time there were 330 Shorthorns on the place, all females but 56 young and old bulls. The policy was to keep them on the soiling system. In the spring they used rye which had been seeded the previous fall; then came clover, followed by vetches. The rye land had been seeded to corn and after these crops were exhausted the cattle received green corn, and during the fall and winter this was put through a chaff cutter and fed along with hay, roots, etc., till spring time came around and another crop of rye was ready to cut. Large amounts of hay, straw, grain and oil cake were purchased, also plaster and phosphates were liberally used as fertilizers.

About forty-five men were employed in summer and twenty-two in winter. They received $15.00 per month and their board. They were mostly Scotch and the very finest type. They were engaged through the immigration office at Toronto and the very choice of the Scottish herdsmen or ploughmen were forwarded to the above farm. No better class of men could be found in any place on the continent. Lots of them are still in Canada and the Western States, doing splendid work and their sons are rising up in many cases to do them honor. The herd itself was mixed as to pedigree but of good individual merit. A very plain bull, "King of Ocean," had the premier position. He was a light roan, fleshy, but he had an ugly head with upturned horns; altogether not a pleasing animal. Mr. Brown was a student; worse, a devotee of pedigree. He was perfectly innocent of the fine points of an animal and never pretended to be a judge. In after years he would often remark upon his lack in this direction and the pleasure he lost in studying the points of an animal, while the paper pedigree absorbed his interest, infatuated him. The worship of pedigree is a fatal disease when you mix with it line breeding and the outcross is damned. It has failed in the human race as evidence the Ptolemys of Egypt, and experience teaches us it is insidious in the bovine race and finally fatal. It works well for a few generations. Yet get the impressive power as Bates, Booth and a host of others got it, but nature revolts. The survival of the strongest is the inevitable law of the universe and while in breeding livestock you can transgress so far, you soon reach the end of the road. In the after years as we will show, it took an awful revenge out of Bow Park.

As I look back in those days along the vista of time, I cannot help thinking aside from business cares what an ideal life Mr. Brown and his family led at that time.

It was a romantic place as it lay in the bend of the Grand River. Much of the primeval forest was left. You could wander about the woods, more especially through the Indian farm, its undergrowth woven into an almost solid mass by wild grape vines and brush of every kind. The laughter of children sounded in the glades and the soft shadowy night crept over the scene before you were aware of it. Then you made for home by the river bank, while across the flats lay the city of Brantford with its twinkling lights.

Leaving Bow Park I went to Ingersoll. It was then, as now, a small but thriving place; at least, so I judge from the railroad, as I have only been there once since my first visit. Among several people I met there was the late Tom Miller, who as a boy had worked for my grandfather and who visited us often in the following years on the Borderland. Ingersoll was the center of a great cheese industry in those days and Miller dealt extensively in this product. It was interesting to see the factories and quite a new feature in agriculture to me. My principal object in doubling back was to see Oxford county of which Woodstock was the largest town. In coming across the Atlantic, I had met Mr. Andrew Patullo of *Sentinel-Review* fame, and he asked me to call on him. His mother was a sister of Mr. Robson, minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Lauder, Scotland, near my home. This made a bond of union betwixt us when we met on shipboard and began a friendship which ended at his death. He was away in the country staying with a brother when I dropped one morning early into the above town, but I had the good fortune to meet his elder brother, George, who kindly took me in charge.

We drove up the twelfth line, and that is a trip never to be forgotten. Our objective point was the late John Dunlop's home. It was the middle of July. The coun-

try was at its best. As you left the pleasant homes in town, your eye rested on a wooded landscape with rich farms and fine homesteads. The country was undulating, the soil rich and it looked a prosperous, well tilled countryside. We either passed or went into William Donaldson's place; a fine farm, as I recollect it. Dunlop had come out to Canada fourteen years previous to my visit. He was a very shrewd, intelligent Scotchman, and we had a most interesting time with him and his family, and first impressions only deepened my respect for him in the after years. You left the main road and driving up through an avenue, bordered with evergreens, you came to an old fashioned house with broad verandahs, shaded by vines, and very cool in those midsummer days. Dunlop was one of the old school practical farmers. He had not much faith in places like Bow Park or agricultural colleges. He wanted elbow room and he had bought quite a tract of land in North Dakota which developed into a fine property. Latterly he was a financier rather than a farmer. He had broad views of the future, more especially of the North-west on both sides of the line, and when I left his hospitable house I felt that something had been missed in my trip by not seeing the great wheat growing plains in the Red River Valley.

We continued our drive through the country, landing in the evening at Princeton where I took the train to Guelph. Last December I met Mr. George Patullo in Woodstock, hale and hearty with the burden of years resting lightly on him, and it was pleasant to turn back the wheel of time and think of those golden hours we had spent one summer's day amid the farms and woodlands of one of the best counties in the Dominion. It looks more like *merrie England* than any place on the continent.

At Guelph I was the guest of the Rev. William Ball and his wife, a sister of the Hon. George Brown. We took a drive through the Paisley block. Our first call was on a Mr. Whitelaw. He was a very small man but thick set with a good head; as he was a native of Mertoun, Berwickshire, my native country, we soon were deep in conversation. He had a Mellendeau ram bought from our old neighbor, Miss Stark, which I had seen sold at Kelso the previous autumn. Also a Rock sheep bought from Bosanquet of that place. This was a very good animal, loose in his wool and seemed a great favorite with Mr. Whitelaw. He had 300 acres of beautiful land, a property he had built up from nothing. On our arrival he was in the hay field and he said, during the conversation, "While you may not see it, every corner of this country has stuck up on it, 'No idlers wanted here.'" Among his cattle was a choice yearling Shorthorn bull and a very good cow that he was preparing to show at Christmas. He was what we would call in Scotland, "a tidy body" and his farm showed it.

Then we passed on to a Mr. Hobson's who had a fine home and good barns. Hobson, whom I used to meet in after years, was a grand specimen of the Canadian better-class farmer; keen, intelligent and well thought of by neighbors.

In the afternoon we went for a picnic up the Speed River. A charming trip it was, made in a boat and a canoe. Shortly after landing at our destination, a thunder storm broke and for forty-five minutes it was fierce. The heavens were opened and although we got shelter for some of us under the upturned boat and canoe, the bulk of us looked like "drookit craws." We came down the little stream in the gloaming. Our way lay serpent-like under trees, brushwood and vine trellises. The sun

peeped through now and again, but at last we had only fast waning light. It made me think of the "Graves of a Household," when Mrs. Hemans says:

"One midst the forests of the West
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar shade."

I have touched on these scenes because they left an indelible mark on my mind. They opened another aspect of the world to my eye. For on these farms you saw what was best in trans-atlantic life. The backwoods part of it was past, and round about Woodstock and Guelph it had reached a stage where real hardship was over and science and skill, as much as physical labor, took their part. In the cities there was also great refinement. During the above visit and the early eighties when a resident near Brantford, Ontario, there was a chance to study the character of the people, to watch with pleasure their thrift, their skill, not only in the city and on the farm, but also that native ability and independence of mind which builds up first neighborhoods, then parishes, then counties and soon to provinces, ending up with a Dominion where in early days Spartan virtues were honorable. And the leaf in that book still stands out in double leaded letters when the sons of the men I speak of went off gaily to France and laid their lives down for the common good. Ah, yes, it is pure gold—not bright and burnished. It has a dull finish, not flashy, but under the surface it is the real article. In these Canadian farms there was not much show. They were even a bit slovenly, for generally that great land hunger, deep-seated in the human breast, asked for more and more acres and there was none too much labor. But there were no slackers. The farmer and his wife did their bit, and the children as they grew up imbibed habits of industry and resourceful-

ness. Their views broadened, expanded and yet their moral nature, if anything, waxed stronger, while their education reached a standard enabling them to take their place in any class of society. The bonds of caste were obliterated, despised and rejected. Worth counted more than birth. Industry was held in high repute. There was nobility in that line for it brought success. Merit more than ancestry was the motto of their lives. Not that birth, noble heritage or a long line of illustrious ancestors is a disadvantage; they are a foundation for any man or woman as a starter in life, but the class feeling that in my young days prevailed in Great Britain was an incubus on the country which was brushed aside in her colonies.

Yet these Canadians were as loyal as their forefathers, with this difference—that they had more individuality, a broader expanse of experience and a greater freedom of thought. To some Old Country folks, steeped in conservatism, some of these ideas may seem radical, but the above are some of the impressions made in those early days and intensified since. Those happy homes, standing under the shadow of a barn that looked like a miniature mountain, the snake fences, the waving fields of grain with here and there an ancient stump that told of long ago, the timbered lot that supplied the winter's fire-wood, and the grassy pastures where milk cows grazed, all told of hardship that grew into success. Best of all, as today shows, the foundation was solid, built on a rock that will stand the test of time.

Returning to Toronto, I met the Hon. Archibald McKellar, minister of agriculture for the Province of Ontario, and one of the most delightful men I ever met. He was a big man physically and mentally, with an overflowing sense of humor and a repertoire of stories inimitable and unending. We went up to Muskoka together. At that

time the Ontario authorities had started a campaign to populate the above region. Nature intended it for a game preserve or a pleasure resort, and it was uphill work for the genial minister to keep his face straight when commenting on the agricultural beauties of this region. We had a glorious trip. There were lovely scenic effects. The lakes were dotted with islands that were reflected in the still deep waters. From a social point of view it was a delightful experience. A genius called Pratt kept the hotel at the head of the lake. Here McKellar and I had to sleep in the same bed, as the house was overflowing. The rooms were not plastered and you could hear most of what went on. McKellar was wakeful and persisted in telling stories which kept myself and the neighbors in fits of laughter. One tale I remember. McKellar, the Hon. George Brown and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie were campaigning in the early days in some backwood place. They had to sleep in a log cabin of one room with a dozen others of whom three or four were women. Next morning McKellar heard the owner of the Canadian clachan remark to his wife: "Gott tam but I am a bigger man than my father or grandfather before me for she has had an M. P. sleep in my house to-night."

We went over from Lake Rosseau to Parry Sound. It was the worst piece of road I ever travelled. Even the hardy McKellar groaned under the bad usage we got from rocks and miles of corduroy. Then the mosquitoes were thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Altogether it was tiresome, intensely hot and so far as agriculture was concerned perfectly hopeless. However, the afternoon and evening we spent at the above place was intensely interesting for we had a chance to look over the big sawmill and in the evening visited an Indian camp on Parry Island. From this point we returned to Toronto. It was

hopeless to say anything about agriculture and neither McKellar nor Mr. Brown whom we interviewed on our return referred to the subject except casually. Lying beyond that country, some fifteen hundred miles, lay Fort Garry and the boundless plains beyond waiting for the plough; the richest land on this continent. The fruit was within reach but it was only some years later that the hand was stretched out to grasp it.

A week or so later while in Ottawa I renewed my acquaintance with Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, the Premier at that time. Although Mackenzie was an unlucky man politically, I have always looked upon him as a man who just missed greatness. In after years I had countless opportunities of meeting him and his sterling qualities grew stronger upon you as the years rolled round. He had just ousted Sir John A. McDonald, that master hand in the wily conflict of politics, and was living in a modest house in the above city. A friend and I dined with him and Mrs. Mackenzie alone one evening. It is one of the nights that remain vivid in memory. The care of office was thrown off and he turned himself loose, to use a western expression, taking a wide, yet graphic grasp of all manner of subjects. He broke away from politics to poetry, from railroad building to religion, from his lowly life in Scotland to his struggle, ever upwards, fortunately in Canada. There was much of the general, very little of the personal in his talk. His language was chaste, ornate, rich in metaphor and quotations. The natural grimness of his face, an inheritance from his Highland ancestry, disappeared as he began to speak. As the years passed on this feature was intensified and in repose it was very marked. But it fled as he opened his mouth. Perhaps his fault lay in the want of compromise. If he had led his party gently towards the building of the Canadian Pacific by the lines of least

resistance, he might have left behind him an imperishable name. He lacked the business insight and the political sagacity to see that the making of a transcontinental line lay primarily in private hands. He had the example in the States before him. A Government with its rolls of red tape can never accomplish satisfactorily a gigantic job of the above kind. It takes men of peculiar aptitude to do it. The hour had come and the men were found to do the job. George Stephen, Donald Smith, James J. Hill and "a host of minor lights." And these men were not altogether saints in the paths of politics, but they made history and made it well. Mackenzie was unyielding, but honest. He worked according to his lights and his aspirations were high. In after years I had to meet him in a business matter. A dispute arose betwixt him and a lifelong friend in which a very considerable amount of money was involved. Both thought they were right and at last, after a lot of negotiation, they got to the parting of the ways. Mackenzie never hesitated but sacrificed his friendship to principle. We were on the eve of getting into the law courts when the other party died and I fell heir to the dispute, which in a month or two was amicably settled.

About a year afterwards at an agricultural show in Glasgow, Scotland, I ran across the above gentleman. George Brown was also in that country. They both came out to my father's home and spent a day or two. To meet them we invited the late George Hope (brother of the Hamilton, Ontario, Hopes) who in his day farmed Fenton Barns in East Lothian, a man of wonderful ability in his day and generation, a leader in agricultural thought and practice. It was a great meeting. We drove one day up Tweedside, calling at Floors Castle, thence on to Lord Polwarth's at Mertoun to inspect his famous flock of Border Leicester sheep. We took lunch with the

late John Usher at Stodrig, author of the "Border Breeds of Sheep," composer of many songs, among them "Memory," yeoman, sportsman and gentleman farmer who did little or no real work on his holding but was present at every sporting gathering or market week days, while often on a Sabbath morning he led the singing in the Church he attended. He was a bit of a wag. Once in synod or court, it matters not which, a minister was being tried for intemperance. The redoubtable John was asked if the minister was intoxicated or not.

"Well," he said, "I cannot swear that he was drunk, but he was certainly 'o'er a' the ills of life victorious.' "

In April, 1876, the Hon. George was in Scotland again. He wrote a note saying he was coming out to see us and accordingly one afternoon I met him at the Kelso depot. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm about Bow Park and his Shorthorns, and after his arrival at the house he opened up to my father his plan of turning his farm into a vast breeding place for Shorthorns, Clydesdale horses, Border Leicester and Cotswold sheep and Berkshire hogs. Under his marvelous talk it looked like Aladdin's lamp. He needed money for this development and aided by the Nelsons (William and Thomas) he was promoting a company in Edinburgh. Thomas Nelson & Sons, of which the above gentlemen were the partners, was a great publishing house in Edinburgh. They were giants in their line and although both of them passed over to the great majority more than a quarter of a century ago, their work still lives under the same name, Mr. Brown's son, George, being one of the leaders in the concern. Mrs. Brown was a sister of these gentlemen and cemented a friendship of long family standing. We attended a meeting at the office of Mr. W. J. Menzies, then and for many years manager of the Scottish-American Investment Co. While not promoted under its

4TH DUKE OF CLARENCE

From painting by John R. Page

influence directly, it came to life under its shadow, as most of the subscribers were shareholders in it. My father and I subscribed $10,000 and when the company was organized I was made buyer of the horses and sheep and to help with shipment of the cattle, etc. Mr. William Ashburner who lived, as I recollect, at Conishead Grange in the Lake District, was engaged to buy the Shorthorns. Meantime Mr. Brown bought quite a few cattle, notably a very fine Oxford heifer from Col. Kingscote, one of the leading breeders at that time in England. Ashburner was a devotee of pedigree and acting on Mr. Brown's instructions to buy the best Bates cattle he could find, he managed to keep the price of these aristocrats at the boiling point during the summer of 1876. Worse than the price was the fact that there was unloaded on him a lot of delicate animals, shy breeders and very medium individuals. The boom which had burst in the States in that summer lasted a while longer in England, so that the purchases were made in a high market to face a declining one on the other side of the Atlantic. Brown and Ashburner did not last long. There was serious trouble after the first purchases and the latter was no match for the former with the pen. Among other purchases made and probably the only real good individual animal bought by Ashburner, although he had the command of endless money, was the Fourth Duke of Clarence. When he arrived at Bow Park Mr. Brown's indignation knew no limits and my father, who was at the farm at the time, said his first thought was to send him back. This was as far as Mr. Brown's judgment of the points of the animal went, for this bull was a wonderful success in the show ring and his progeny also. Witness Clarence Kirklevington, the steer that at Chicago in 1882–84 swept the decks on foot and when killed was champion carcass, and many other animals of great merit and renown.

Altogether we shipped nearly one hundred Shorthorns, six Clydesdales and about one hundred sheep. Ashburner resigned and in that year the exporting stopped. The British organization fell to pieces. I remained as nominal buyer for anything that was needed but no orders came. It was silence so far as Scotland was concerned and the shareholders there for more than two years never heard a word. So far as they were concerned Bow Park was a myth.

About two and a half years after the organization of the company (Bow Park) and no word having been received from the other side, a meeting of the Scotch shareholders was held. It was rather a painful one for the Nelson Brothers, but there was no criticism of their actions. It was finally arranged that some one should go out, and as I was the only practical man at the meeting, it was decided that as soon after the New Year as possible I should go to Canada. So I left on the White Star Steamer "Celtic," and after a very stormy passage landed in Toronto about the 20th of January. I went to the Queen's Hotel, then the chief hostelry of Toronto —a wonderfully comfortable place.

Next morning Mr. Brown came to call on me and his first words were, "Are you here for peace or war?" "For neither," I replied. "What we want is the truth and if you had replied to letters and appeals there would have been no occasion for this trip." The result was that I went up to his house (Lambton Lodge) and for over two months made it my headquarters. It was a delightful place to stay.

I made frequent trips to Bow Park, to other points in Canada, and a short trip at Mr. Brown's request via Chicago to Kentucky. They were badly in want of a young bull at the time but nothing turned up at any point I visited at all suitable, and the matter was

dropped. During those two months I had a difficult part to play. The company was fast drifting towards bankruptcy. The pure-bred business, more especially the Bates Shorthorns, had been practically dead for two years. No sales at high prices had been made. There had been a heavy loss by death in the purchases made in England. Canada and the United States had been going through a period of extreme financial depression. The plain bred cattle which had been weeded out sold very low and the result was a most disappointing condition of affairs. It was practically all outgo and very little income. But Mr. Brown was enthusiastic, optimistic and overflowing with the great results to be expected in the future. It was only when you got to the farm and sat quietly down to study the situation that you had some misgivings. When you got back to Toronto and came under the spell of Mr. Brown's eloquence the sun shone again.

I was then twenty-seven years of age. My life, except a trip to the States and Canada described in former chapters, had been on the farm, in the valley of the Tweed amid the Lammermoors and on the green hillsides of Cheviot. My daily work was on the practical side, for my father held tight the reins of finance, the trading and other outside work. But I had been sent out to investigate and after looking over the situation I told Mr. Brown I was going to remain till we got to the bottom of the company's affairs, and that we must have a complete set of accounts prepared, audited by a public accountant, so that I could take them home. It was a pathetic sort of a job, as it revealed a melancholy state of affairs, notwithstanding that we inventoried the best animals at old time prices. The expenses were steadily accumulating; debts which were to have been paid with part of the money gotten from Scotch shareholders were not

met and were being carried at high interest. Not a single sale was made while I was over and a lot of bulls were eating their heads off. While Mr. Brown erred in not stating his position candidly to the shareholders, he was the victim of circumstances and we must admit bad judgment; in fact, he had rushed into this scheme years before with a patriotic impulse, hoping to help his adopted country and build up a monument for himself. It was a laudable ambition, but the country was not ready for it, as it would have been today. Canada was too poor and the market in the United States was far away and fickle. Then this place had to bear not only the incubus of paper pedigree, but the management was poor. I had been carried away four and a half years before by the gloss of summer and the absence of knowledge of the market. Now we had to face the stern reality of dollars and cents. For two years after the company was organized Mr. Brown had worked away with his old organization but during the year 1878, he secured the services of the late John Hope. I had met Hope in England in 1876, so when I went down to the farm in January, 1879, I renewed an acquaintance and got a hearty welcome, and there commenced a firm friendship which lasted till his death in 1894.

Hope, who was born in the north of England, near Cockermouth, and settled in Canada, was an importer, but the collapse of the purebred trade in 1877 had left him stranded, somewhat involved and Mr. Brown had the good sense to engage him as cattle superintendent. Hope in certain lines was a most remarkable man. He was the most genial, kind-hearted, lovable companion. He would divide up his last dollar with a friend and while he had strong likes and dislikes he was charitable even to his enemies and like every man he had some. In this connection I quote the last paragraph of

JOHN HOPE

an article I wrote at the time of Hope's death, published first in Clay, Robinson & Company's "Live Stock Report," and incorporated in Mr. A. H. Sanders' great work, "Shorthorn Cattle":

"In personal appearance Hope was broad and burly, a grand specimen of the English yeoman. Apart from his general contour his prominent feature was the eye. He was the possessor of a pair of great luminous blue eyes, that imparted to his appearance a singularly soft and winning expression. When a child entered the room it invariably went straight up to him, and through those eyes beamed forth all that was tender and true in his nature. Simple himself as a child, generous to a fault, strong in his friendships, with the heart of a lion, yet the mildness and gentleness of a lamb, he leaves behind a record for probity as a heritage to all who knew him. Let us inscribe this sentiment to his memory: That the leading feature of his life was sympathy; or, to go deeper still, shall we call it love—love of mankind and the dumb creation, the flower which has bloomed perennially ever since the day Adam and Eve left the gates of Paradise."

Mr. Brown did not develop him. He always treated him as a sort of upper farm hand, whereas he was a man of broad instincts, high ideals and not only an able manager, but a good financier. As a judge of live stock he may have had an equal; certainly no superior. It is results that tell. Before, and more especially afterwards when he became manager at Bow Park, he showed what he could do in dozens of show rings.

At the time I write of, three men were or had been operating extensively in Canada in importing livestock for themselves or others: Richard Gibson, John Hope and Simon Beattie. Gibson was the most polished and well read, endless anecdotes and facts being stored by a retentive memory and conveyed by a facile pen to his

readers. He had also a charming personality, with a great deal of tact and generosity in his nature. Hope was also an innate gentleman but he had not the education of his contemporary and had a bluff, hearty manner. And he had a habit in a perfectly good natured way of expressing his opinions rather abruptly. Simon Beattie was a unique character, a bit rough and ready in his methods, practical, persuasive in a deal, with more or less Scotch bluntness. He was rather a poor business man and after a long life of industry and enterprise left little to show for it. These men did great work for Canada. They blazed a trail which is now a macadam road. Looking back I consider it a great privilege to have known them intimately. I do not care which one of them you associated with, you could gather experience from their walk and conversation. All of them had risen from the ranks to be commanding figures, and their work lives after them.

During this visit I met many interesting characters; notably the Hon. David Christie, who had done much for agriculture. He had passed his zenith and was in financial difficulties, but he was a very interesting man, a typical Scot and ardent politician. His fine farm on the Paris plains was very much run down and his beloved Shorthorns were gone. He and George Brown were great cronies and they loved to talk of their early days and tell of backwood scenes. Away from Mr. Brown, however, Hope's company was the most congenial. It was a constant fountain of pleasure to walk round the barns with him and almost daily we had 4th Duke of Clarence walked out. He had a majestic step and a wonderfully expressive head, and while looking out of his box he would greet Hope with a low bellow and then lick his hand. "A fellow feeling makes a mortal wondrous kind." That was the relationship betwixt the

two. There was also a lot of good show cattle; notably "Butterfly Duchess," a very sweet Kirklevington heifer, a Maid of Oxford heifer calf and many others.

Mr. Brown managed the concern principally by wire. He had a frank for his private business to and from the farm and he sent long messages of instruction; in fact, he was the whole push. Nominally there were other directors, notably Major Greig, a very delightful man, quite typical of the old school, and who had bred Shorthorns on his farm before moving to Toronto. I was always sorry for the dear old Major. He had practically nothing to say, although he had invested quite a substantial sum for him in the concern. While not intentional, Mr. Brown was very arrogant in his methods; in fact, there was nothing favorable to show in the way of results and the lines of least resistance were the easiest way to cover up difficulties and disappointments. The gallant Major would come over to Lambton Lodge for dinner to have a pow-wow over Bow Park matters, but we talked generalities and never got down to business. Still those were delightful hours and a young man listening could learn a lot.

Mr. John Young Reid was also a director and treasurer of the company, but this job was a sinecure as Mr. Brown was supplying the money to run the concern and Mr. Reid's work consisted in countersigning what cheques were drawn on the bank account. Mr. Reid was a native of Berwickshire and coming from that county and having many mutual friends, we soon struck up a close intimacy which ripened in the after years into lasting friendship, a sort of hero worship, for Mr. Reid was one of the most lovable characters I ever met. He was a member of the firm of Buntin, Reid & Co., paper manufacturers, and in this way came in close contact with Mr. Brown who owned the Toronto *Globe*. Reid

was a typical Scotchman, a small, thickset man with a fine head stored full of good business sense, a streak of quiet humor running through his nature. He had been born near Abbey St. Bathans; a lovely spot where pine woods, heather and sparkling streams blend together and make glorious pictures. His motherland had been my playground as a boy at school, and as he had a rich way of describing these scenes, touching them with a master hand, we spent many an hour going over ground beaten but hallowed by the glow of youth. Mr. Reid was the very opposite of Mr. Brown. He was cautious, conservative, close in his business methods, nothing of the cavalier in his make-up. If you could have welded Mr. Brown's energy and fiery zeal on to Mr. Reid's good judgment, then you would have had a combination hard to beat. In his social hours Mr. Reid was at his best. Born under the strictest form of Scottish Presbyterianism, he had broadened out, retaining all that was good and throwing away a lot of the silly dogmatism of his upbringing. He stuck sternly to his old faith, but he mixed it with a fine vein of charity, giving not only freely of this world's goods, but judging people kindly. There was ever a tender note speaking from a warm heart. He was a prototype of the Apostle John, while his friend Mr. Brown carried on his banner the insignia of St. Paul or Richard Coeur-de-Lion.

When we got the accounts made up, the Major and Mr. Reid were called in and it was a tree barren of fruit that was presented to us. There was not a single ray of light on the horizon. As I have said before, Canada was poor at that time, but aside from this, Mr. Brown, who had been a hard hitter politically, was not at the time very popular. The financial group were shy of him. You did not see this on the outside, but the insider saw it at once. Then Bow Park was looked on as a fad and

the ordinary farmer would not visit it. Consequently, it had in this way a big burden to carry. The small breeders were jealous and the news had spread abroad that there was a lot of tuberculosis about. But when you boil down all these criticisms, it resolves itself into a case of base ingratitude, for no man ever worked harder for Canada than did Brown. The world does not always treat its benefactors kindly and I am afraid George Brown towards the end of his life carried this burden round with him. It was evident something had to be done so far as the affairs of the company were concerned, and a few days before I left for Scotland, and after we had got at the bottom of the accounts for the past three years, Mr. Brown proposed to me that I should take the management of the company. I had seen enough, however, not to be very eager on the subject. As it turned out Mr. Brown had a further object in view. The company was near its end financially and he thought if I came over that he could get some help from the other side. Going ahead of my story, he unfortunately did not disclose to his relatives in Edinburgh his personal position and it was not till after his unfortunate tragic death that the truth was known. Anyway, it was a great compliment to be asked to take the management of what was probably at that time the largest breeding establishment on this side of the Atlantic. And on the other hand, it was more or less vanity for a Scotch farmer of no great experience even to think of it. But events ofttimes force issues.

On my arrival in Edinburgh I was at once called into consultation by the late Mr. Thomas Nelson. He was prepared for the worst, and while visibly annoyed he did not say a great deal. While quite deaf Mr. Nelson had admirable control of himself. It was a curious position all round. Mr. Brown, on account of relationship and a

very old acquaintance, was a great favorite with the Nelson family. He measured up to their ideals in social, political and religious life. In addition he had a vast Scotch and particularly Edinburgh coterie of friends. His name was a household word in the land of his birth. You heard the story told as an example to be followed. The poor boy leaving his native place, his early struggles, the visits back to his old home, his marriage to one of its fairest daughters, the ladder of success climbed first as a newspaper man, then in politics, and lastly the man triumphant and all the glamour that comes from splendid achievement. That morning sitting in St. Leonard's library, that looks out on hallowed scenes, I had to play an unkind part as the medium to tell the truth and expose what in the end turned out to be the tragedy of Bow Park.

There was some ill-feeling at the meeting when it was held. It was not what was said; it was what was left unsaid and the rather grim look of some of the shareholders. Eventually only one man a few years afterwards commenced a suit against the Nelsons, who were far the largest holders of stock, and who eventually took over the place, its belongings, and local debts. This suit was compromised. I do not name the party who took this action, which was really a piece of blackmail. There may have been some legal grounds for an action; certainly no moral ones, for a higher minded, more magnanimous pair of men never lived than William and Thomas Nelson. Further still, through the splendid judgment of the latter the Scotch public were introduced to a most profitable lot of American investments. My recollection of what took place during the next few months has passed from memory, but it was arranged that I should become manager of the company, and early in August I left for my new position. A contract was

RICHARD GIBSON

made for a three years' term. While no arrangement was made as to financial assistance by increase of capital or in the shape of loans, it was evidently expected on Mr. Brown's part, and while nothing definite was said and I had no instructions to help out in this way it led on to a coolness on Mr. Brown's part, which existed to his death. I took hold about 20th of August, 1879, and began a very arduous, unpleasant job, mitigated after Mr. Brown's passing by the generous support of Mr. Thomas Nelson. Looking back it was a great experience, full of difficulties and disappointments, but youth brushes these aside and the memories left are pleasant ones. With the exception of Hope, the employees were mostly hostile and it took tact and discretion to overcome this attitude. There were a lot of splendid men on the farm, but they had been accustomed to having a great deal of their own way. Then, unfortunately, owing to Mr. Brown spending little time there personally, he kept one department jealous of another, forgetting that team work is essential in farm work as on the field of battle. Hope and the farm manager were equal in power which would have been all right if there had been a boss above both. When I came to the scene I was supposed to assume the management, but it was hard for Mr. Brown to let go. Equally hard was it for the stranger with no experience in Canadian farming to grasp the situation, to size up the climate, to prepare for winter and at the same time learn the intricacies of a peculiar business. To Hope I had to appeal daily, almost hourly for advice and assistance. This did not sit well with Mr. Brown whose estimate of the above party was not very high, at least in a business way. Gradually we made progress. The herd was in good shape. There had been a fierce shrinkage among the imported cattle from disease.

Through Hope's skill and the material on hand a very fine lot of show cattle had been got together. Two bulls of great quality were on hand—4th Duke of Clarence, then five years old, and Chevalier, a young two-year-old bull purchased from Mr. Richard Gibson. In addition were some good younger bulls, and a superb lot of females. Never can I forget the first night I stayed at the farm when Hope had all the show cattle led out. It was a cool, pleasant evening after a very warm day, and it seems almost like yesterday to see Hope with his briar-root pipe stand amidst a grove of glorious oaks and watch James Smith and his assistant herdsmen parade as good a lot of Shorthorns as any one could wish to see. There were all told about twenty-five head all wound up and ready for the ring. That year we only showed in Canada—Toronto, Ottawa, London and then at Brantford. It was a pity that we did not make the rounds of the fairs in the States. However, we sent our Clydesdales over there and practically swept the platter. John Raeside, now with Mr. Samuel Insull, whose farm is north of Chicago, was in charge of our horses and a rare good man he was at this class of work. He used to shock Mr. Brown with some of his west country expressions concerning horses and other things.

A few days after arriving at the above place and getting down to work, I had a letter from the British Government appointing me as Assistant Commissioner of an Agricultural Commission then sitting in England. This was totally unexpected, but it was in many ways a help. It came unfortunately at a very busy time. Consulting Mr. Brown he advised acceptance, and for the next three years I was more or less busy at this work, and in February, 1882, appeared as a witness before the Commission then sitting in London. Messrs. Clare Sewell-Read and Albert Pell, both members of the

British Parliament, were deputed to visit the States and Canada. They were splendid associates and made a long tour in both countries. I could only accompany them part of the time, but when they left they deputized me to take up some parts of the work they could not cover. The main questions we had to consider and report upon were as to the production of wheat and what it would cost to lay it down in Liverpool, England. Meat production, while secondary, was also studied. I would not like to read that report today. Our figures were too high and were knocked to smithereens. We did not foresee the vast influence of the self-binder, improved farm machinery, but principally the genius of Mr. James J. Hill in conquering transportation problems and the wonderful progress made in the transatlantic trade. Nowadays our figures look like thirty cents at the present price of wheat. A strong protection party was working under cover in Great Britain. It had not blossomed forth as it did several years ago, but the farmer was restless and the Disraeli Government of those days was friendly to that interest, as all Governments should be. So far as our work was concerned, nothing came of it. But it was a great experience for a young man and it led on to many friendships which have lasted. So the first months of my new life passed away rapidly. We got more at the shows than we expected and as soon as they were through we began preparations to hold a sale of cattle at Dexter Park, Chicago, Illinois, on October 17th. It was my first experience in selling cattle in this country and I had little idea then of what vast numbers would pass through my hands in the years to come. Hope and I went to Chicago several days ahead and had our cattle in fine shape to show in the ring. Then Mr. Brown and party came a day ahead. We all made headquarters at The Grand Pacific and

there was a good sized gathering of Shorthorn men. So far as I recollect, not a single Canadian breeder attended. Col. J. W. Judy was the auctioneer and I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. What a grand old Roman he was! He was then about fifty years of age and was in his prime so far as autioneering was concerned. The men outside of him I remember most vividly were Tom Corwin Anderson, the Hamiltons, Jim Bigstaff from Kentucky, the Smiths, Funks, Browns from Illinois, Henry Brown from Minneapolis and Long John Wentworth of Chicago. Brabrook was then proprietor of the *Live Stock Journal*, a monthly publication, and as far as I recollect, the elder Sanders was the editor. We congregated at night in the rotunda of the hotel. We told a good many stories and took a good many toddies throughout the evening. We had rather a poor sale, but Mr. Brown was quite cheery and optimistic. On the evening of the sale after dinner we walked along from the hotel to the Western Union Telegraph Co. where Mr. Brown sent off a message concerning the sale to the *Globe*. When I retired that night I had reached another milestone in my career.

After this sale we began settling down for winter. Personally, I devoted considerable time to the Agricultural Commission work, but towards the end of November came back to Bow Park, intending to stay there all winter. For some time previous to our sale in October there were rumors of the United States shutting out Canadian cattle on account of disease. This talk, which was more or less exploited in the newspapers, excited Mr. Brown and I was sent over to Chicago to arrange accommodations for 50 to 100 head of Shorthorns. On Mr. Hope's recommendation I went up to Waukegan, Illinois, a small town about 36 miles north of Chicago. C. C. Parks had, in old days, a fine herd of cattle there. Those had been

sold out but the barns were still there and were in the hands of a Dr. Bean, either as owner or lessee. The place was very much run down but I rented this place and began fixing it up. After completing the arrangements, I took the evening train at Chicago for Brantford. When we got to Harrisburg in the morning about nine-thirty or ten o'clock the depot master informed me that the buildings at Bow Park had been burned during the night. He could not tell me how many and whether any of the stock had been lost. It was before the days of telephones being much in use and it was only when I got to Brantford about eleven o'clock that I found that no cattle or horses had been lost, but the most of the barns, all of our feed except some hay in outside barns had gone. It was a solar plexus blow.

The scene of devastation at the farm was a sad sight. The most valuable cattle were housed in two of the big buildings that were left and the balance were outside among the woods. The big barn with its basement full of roots and crammed to the door with hay, grain, implements, etc., was a great smoking ruin. Fortunately the dwelling houses were intact. Mr. Brown came from Toronto, arriving in the afternoon with about an hour of daylight. He was completely dazed and did not say much—what his thoughts were I never knew. We called in Hope and sat down to discuss matters. We had our plans sketched out. Up at Brantford, about four miles away, there was a spacious fair ground with very good buildings, among them several rows of stalls. The board of management was friendly and they at once offered us, while the fire was still under way, the free use of whatever accommodations we needed. This solved the difficulty of housing the cattle. It meant for the winter a divided household. Then we had the barns in sight at Glen Flora, near Waukegan. All kinds of feed, such as

hay, straw, grain, oilcake, etc., were abundant and cheap. After a couple of hours' talk Mr. Brown returned to Toronto and we began the re-organization of our affairs. The weather was rainy, the roads soft, and we had an awful time hauling in the different classes of feed. We had to drive over the country to buy hay and straw, purchase nurse cows and other materials. We were hard up for money, had poor equipment, and when I look back I often think of the hardships we had to go through. In the long lapse of years those days look like a nightmare now, although at the time we did not feel this way. There was too much to do and think about. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. They say a new broom sweeps clean, and the change of management did not sit well in some quarters. Changes had to be made and naturally there was much dissatisfaction among the employees. Hope and the herdsmen were loyal and had always been so, but there were others, who, with fair faces, had the devil in their hearts. Conditions, however, had to be met and a bold face put on and face the music. As I grappled with the management, our serious position financially became apparent. Mr. Brown was evidently struggling with other matters, as well as with Bow Park, in this line. The fire called for extra expenditure and as a quick settlement of insurance was delayed by a disagreement with the company that had written our policies, a heavy burden was thrown upon him. He faced it without a murmur as far as we were concerned.

December was a soft, rainy month. The roads got into horrible condition and as we had only a pair of fifteen hand ponies and an old democrat, it was a miserable business getting about. We ploughed through mud roads at many places nearly up to the hubs, and many a night we had to wade back to the farm with a

tired team and a somewhat heavy heart. By Christmas time we had got matters fairly well arranged. The barns near Brantford worked well and we had no trouble securing all the feed needed at lower prices than it would have been delivered at the farm. An old barn near the main buildings had been fixed up for our horses. As I recollect we had about twelve teams. Fortunately our Clydesdale horses had been sold at the October sale in Chicago and we had only work stock on hand. The day before Christmas I had gone up to Stratford to look over the cheese factories in that neighborhood with the late Mr. Ballantine, a man of strong and splendid character. We spent Christmas morning driving round and I took afternoon dinner with Mr. Thomas Brown, a fine old gentleman from the Borderland, whose nephew lived near us on Tweed side. Just as I was taking the train to go back to Brantford, I got a wire from Mr. Brown saying the horse barn had been burned and most of the horses lost, and to return home at once. Here was another horrible disaster. Miss Nelson of Edinburgh, sister of Mrs. Brown, was spending the winter with her and the Hon. George. She told me afterwards that he sat down and wept like a child. A long series of misfortunes had filled his cup with bitterness. In the Bow Park venture one trouble after another had heaped Pelion on Ossa. There was the disappointment in the purchases made in England, the collapse of the pedigree business in the States, the puncturing of the fashion craze with its motto of *pure Bates and no surrender*, the want of demand in Canada, the heavy losses from disease and shy breeders, the hopeless maze of all pay out and very little coming in was all saddened by the above fires accentuated by the knowledge of the party who was the author. You could point your finger, but you dare not utter a name.

It was a sad sort of holiday. I felt it dreadfully, for unwittingly the latter disaster possibly came from the injection of new blood into the enterprise.

The day after Christmas, for I had got back late the previous night, was a sort of Waterloo. There was the smoking barn, the dead horses, the idle teamsters, and everything more or less disorganized. Fortunately some horses had been in the other barns and we were not completely afoot. The wires to Toronto were soon working and the next day Hope left for Markham, his old stamping ground, where he bought a lot of fine horses. How we housed them I have forgotten, but we got along and before spring had an excellent lot of teams. With new harness and a lot of new equipment in wagons and other implements, we made quite a showing. Mr. Brown did not come down and, as I recollect, never saw Bow Park again. We had a sale of some forty head of our plainest pedigree Shorthorns and some sheep and hogs towards the end of January. It was a good deal of a frost but we got quit of a lot of animals that were doing us no good and it lightened our expense materially. Mr. Brown got into Brantford late the night before the sale and returned to Toronto the next evening. He made a very eloquent speech before the auctioneer mounted the rostrum, but it failed to put enthusiasm into the crowd, who were mostly curiosity seekers. He told the audience of what improved live stock would do for Canada. Every word seems golden in these latter days, but the seed fell on stony ground. The Dominion maker was ahead of his time by thirty years. Meantime the agitation against Canadian cattle was growing in the States and we decided to send over about fifty head to the Glen Flora barns. After careful consideration we selected a lot of good animals, none of very rich pedigree according to the fashion of these days, but a really good lot from an

individual point of view. Hope took charge of this lot and turned them out in fine shape at a sale we held at Dexter Park about the middle of April, 1880. With the above sale and the exodus to the States our position eased up considerably. Meanwhile I had to go up frequently to Toronto to consult with Mr. Brown. The *Globe* newspaper and other interests took most of his time and it was a hard thing to get an hour or two of it. Then there had sprung up a coolness between us in connection with insurance matters. The buildings were over-insured. The insurance company offered to replace the buildings. This Mr. Brown would not agree to. Then he asked me to make affidavit as to the value of them, placing his own figures in this document. This I could not honestly sign and said as the president of the company it was his province to fight out this matter, not mine. I came back to the farm uncertain what was going to happen. A few days afterwards, 25th of March, I received a wire saying Mr. Brown had been shot by an employee—an engineer employed in the *Globe* boiler-room, and whom he had never seen or heard of. It was a slight wound, but did not readily heal. He sent me several messages about various matters, never mentioning insurance. Then he wired me to come up. We had a very pleasant interview. He looked like his old self and talked hopefully of being about in a week or two, but blood-poisoning set in and he died on the 10th of May.

In his death Canada lost a great personality. He had passed the zenith of his power politically and his influence was on the wane, but he had a force of character seldom met with. Then in his idle hours there was a magnetism lasting in its effects. When I meet some of the old guard who knew him—they are few and far between nowadays—they always speak kindly, almost reverently,

about him. He was built on strong lines, physically and mentally, well adapted to the rugged work of the backwoods and the frontier. Whatever may have been his faults in the arena of business, politics or farming, he had a splendid influence on the growing generation and his home life was unique in its beauty and sweetness.

During his illness we held our April sale. We had asked Major Greig and Mr. John Young Reid to go through to Chicago and help things along. We had, therefore, a strong representation, but not satisfied with this, the cashier of the *Globe* was sent over to look after the finances and as the sale went on he sent Mr. Brown messages as to the prices the cattle made. We had an excellent sale, the bulls especially bringing good prices. Lee & Reynolds of Fort Supply, Indian Territory, were good bidders on the latter and made the work of Col. Judy easy as they kept the ball rolling.

After Mr. Brown's death the company was in straits for money. We had drawn for what was needed on him personally and of course this supply was cut off. We were unable to make another sale till the fall at the earliest. Fortunately Mr. Thomas Nelson came to our aid. Further, he came over to Canada to help unravel Mr. Brown's affairs, and in doing so he practically took hold of Bow Park, eventually taking it over. He agreed to supply money for new buildings and running expenses. He did what was right, responding in the most generous way to every demand made upon him. Unfortunately, as seen in the light of later days, I advised him to continue on and run the place. Hope, whose heart was in the business, was very strong on continuing. He thought, as all of us did, that the Shorthorn industry, the fashionable part of it especially, was going to recover, and that Bow Park would come into its own again. It is needless to say that this was a great mistake and a lot more money was thrown into this melting pot.

HAY BARN AT BOW PARK

During July Mr. Nelson came down and visited the place for several days and enjoyed it immensely. While the buildings were mostly gone, the farm was looking splendidly. Most of the cattle were at pasture, and towards evening when the cows spread themselves over the fields or came into the open on the Indian farm, it was a pleasing sight to a lover of art and the beautiful, and Mr. Nelson had all the instincts and sentiments of a painter, only he painted with the pen instead of the brush. After this, aside from the responsibility landed upon Hope and myself, we had a pleasant time. The winter was over with all its trials and we were enjoying a splendid summer. We began building about midsummer and under the guidance of Mr. T. H. Goff, an architect from Woodstock, and David Bale, a contractor from the same town, work went on at a tremendous rate. The new buildings were of brick with slate roofs and they stand there to this day, so far as I know. The stable went up first, then the big barn, and latterly the cattle sheds, three of the old wooden sheds being left from the fire. We could accommodate about 250 cattle and twenty-five horses. We had more room than we could conveniently carry cattle and had to buy a lot of hay, straw and concentrated feeds.

Immediately on the opening of spring we began to drain the buildings and brought up a main ditch from the Grand River. It seemed almost criminal that this had not been done before. The spaces betwixt the barns in spring were a slough of despond. Out in the fields the bane of our life was foxtail and we began to eradicate that pest. I bought some gang-ploughs and immediately the grain was harvested and cleared from the fields—we skimmed them about four inches deep with the above. The fall rains brought away a fine crop of weeds. Then we got the old-fashioned ploughs to work and turned over

a nine-inch furrow, which produced another crop of weeds that were frost killed. Next spring it was in pretty decent shape. Hope, after I left, raised some big crops of wheat and had the farm in splendid condition.

With three sales in six months we had depleted our herd seriously, so we decided not to hold a fall sale, and consequently our work was fairly easy, nor did we attempt to take in the Fairs. In fact, we were busy building, reorganizing and endeavoring to found a fine herd of cattle. With no disease and drafting we had at this time an excellent herd of cattle full of individual merit and a lot of pedigrees that charmed the eye. At the head of the herd was 4th Duke of Clarence, who had done much to restore prestige to it. We had a lot of healthy, splendidly bred young things that were a credit to any farm or breeding establishment and when shown had been invincible. We changed our methods entirely. The soiling system disappeared. Nearly all of the cattle but a few special animals and the bulls were at pasture. James Smith, who was with Mr. Flatt, Hamilton, Ontario, and since with Senator Edwards, had immediate charge of the cattle. He was a natural born cattleman and made a splendid record with us as with the above parties.

During the summer the insurance company's offer was accepted and this threatened law-suit was settled without a fight. When this was out of the way and the buildings had been fairly started, I went over to California, to inspect its wheat fields and other agricultural resources for the British Government. As said in a previous article, I am afraid to re-read my report. Better let sleeping dogs lie. In early October I went out to Iowa to inspect a lot of land bought by the Scottish American Land Co. Those lands were near Emmetsburg and were purchased at $5.00 per acre. The Scotch

Company sold them at a small advance. Now they are selling from $75.00 to $125.00 per acre. These are the chances you miss when you have a slim pocket-book. Later in the fall Hope and I attended the Fat Stock Show on the Chicago lake front. There was a bitter fight going on amid the beef breeds and notwithstanding John G. Gillette and other Shorthorn breeders' valiant efforts, the premier breed was getting the worst of it. Many an hour during the summer nights, when we were in the lots or pastures at Bow Park, Hope and I had discussed the question of making a show at the above place. We had the material not only in our own herd, but Ontario then, as now, was prolific in good cattle. It only needed an effort and at the above show we made a study of the situation. We looked upon the matter as a very serious one, Hope especially, and we used to ponder over it, then discuss it and lay plans as if we were building air castles. Richard Gibson used to come along and added fuel to the flame. We had lots of visitors in those days and although they did not buy much, they talked Shorthorn and encouraged us to make an effort either with our breeding cattle or to produce some steers that would make our neighbors in the States sit up and take notice. You had to sacrifice a bull calf to attain this end and as we were optimistic on the value of good young bulls, more especially if they were red ones, for the coming years we did not see our way to follow up the plans we had in mind. The red craze was at its height and all our efforts were to produce cattle of this color. A lot of arrant nonsense it was, but you had to suit your trade. All our stock bulls were red but the 4th Duke. He was a rich roan, producing mostly reds. We had a very fine cow, Kirklevington Duchess of Horton, in calf to the 4th Duke. She was a light roan, exceedingly rich in flesh, and while not

a show cow she was big, roomy, broad over her loins and a very attractive head. She had a grand constitution, apt to run to flesh, but good at the pail—a fine type of a general purpose cow. The story of this union we will fully relate later on.

Previously we have but slightly referred to the Fat Stock Show on the Lake Front. The big drafty, badly arranged Coliseum was an historic place. It was used politically, socially and commercially. There "the battle of the breeds" really took place. It was the meeting place of warriors who championed their favorites. It was a conflict betwixt red and roan, whiteface and black; or, in other words, Shorthorn, Hereford and Aberdeen-Angus. The rivalry was not only acute but it many times almost led up to blows. The Western rangeman, a great customer for young bulls, was wedded to the Hereford. This gave the breeders of the whitefaces a great pull. The Shorthorn men did not get much of a support from any class. The average farmer was poor and did not invest heavily in pure-bred stock. Further still, the red craze had produced a lot of paper-skinned animals not fitted to the rough usage of the Western range. The armour of the premier breed was weak and easily pierced. John G. Gillette, the greatest producer of commercial cattle in this or any other country, except in later days in the Argentine, had to fight almost alone on the Shorthorn side. I have never seen before nor since such marvelous steers as he produced on his Illinois farms. He was to the Central States what Goodnight was to the Panhandle and Kohrs to Montana in the early days of the range business. Another load the Shorthorn had to carry was a divided camp. The Scotch cattle were being exploited. It made a division in the camp and neither side was inclined to take up the fight. Hope and I

ONE OF THE BARNS—REBUILT—AT BOW PARK

stood round the ring and watched the struggle. The Hereford men were aggressive, going even further than that, but this is not the place to take up such details.

The Aberdeen-Angus men were more or less passive. They bided their time. They knew that below those black skins lay the best marbled carcass and without any great effort on their part they hold their own on the block. When we got back to Bow Park we had taken up the matter as a sort of personal fight. Hope, when he got his pipe lighted and had mixed a glass of grog as a night cap, waxed eloquent on the enormity of letting Hereford fellows have their own way and naturally this carried me along. Over and above it was a pleasant work to take hold of. We were organizing rapidly on the farm. We had got into an easier position financially. Winter had set in early but we were prepared for it. The old policy of having your work continually pursuing you was changed. We forestalled our requirements and went into the winter of 1880-81 in splendid shape.

On the 5th January, 1881, I married Miss Euphemia Forrest, who had been brought up at Woodstock, Ontario, but at this time was living at Highland Park, Illinois. During January, February and March we lived at the Kirby House in Brantford. It was kept then by a Mr. Palmer, a rare host who kept a clean house and a splendid table, charging his guests a very moderate sum per month. These months intensified my admiration of Canadian society, more especially of the smaller towns in Ontario. The foundation stock of these people was mostly British. The fancy Englishman, the dour, yet wide-awake Scot, the erratic Irishman made a fine blend, and the women folks were a healthy, thrifty, fairly educated class. Housekeeping, more or less a lost art in the States, was born in them. It was part of their nature and made life in those pleasant places run

smoothly and without any friction. In all these towns there was a fine social atmosphere. Brantford was especially blessed in having such people as the Yateses, the Stratfords, the Hardys, the Wilkeses, the Cockshutts, the Waterhouses, the Robertsons, the Mortons, the Henwoods, the Phillipses, the Hateleys, the Digbys, the Osbornes, the Jaffreys, the Wattses, the Cochranes, and many others. There was much entertaining and life flowed easily. Alexander Robertson, manager of the Bank of British North America, was a bachelor in these days, although he married happily after I left the above town. He was a unique character. He was a small man, an exceedingly careful banker, a fit representative for the old fashioned institution he served. Scotch through and through with a fine vein of humor and sentiment under the funny little wig that covered a well made head. In his social hours he was the happiest, merriest talker, somewhat long winded at times but genuine, rich in anecdote and experience. Coming as I did from a Scotch farm and being planted as manager on a Canadian one, your social position was a little uncertain. You were in a way neither fish nor flesh, grass nor hay. The Browns had never taken much interest in Brantford society and John Hope scarcely ever entered a private house. He had no leaning towards what the world terms fashion and feathers. But the ordinary man or woman does badly without it. I cannot remember how or why I foregathered with Robertson, but it was a fortunate day for me. We became the greatest friends and we spent endless hours together. It led on to joining the charmed circle of Brantford society. It was when you knew it a wide open one, for it was merit more than money that ruled it. There was no great show, little excess, but a lot of fun and genuine good spirit. Robert Henry was the Mayor of the city, a clever, clean, progressive man who made things pleasant to strangers

and guided the city affairs with great skill. Dr. Cochrane was the Presbyterian minister. He was a bundle of nerves and the busiest bee in the town, an excellent preacher with a broad mind and he held together a very large and influential congregation. In addition to private social gatherings, there were a good many semi-public gatherings. The St. Andrews' Society had a strong hold and not only held its annual dinner, but the members turned out in force at the Robert Burns Anniversary. I had been asked to propose the "Immortal Memory" and had given a good deal of thought to the speech. Then an idea struck me. Mr. Goff, the architect, was a remarkable exponent of Scotch song. He had a lovely voice. Why not express in song some of the sentiments of Burns as an example of the speech I had to make. As usual the best laid schemes, etc., etc.—I got along fairly well with my carefully prepared oration and about the middle of it called on Goff to sing a song. He gave the audience either "My Nannie's Awa," or "Sweet Afton." Being in splendid voice he made a wonderful impression on the audience who were by this time considerably warmed up by hot Scotch and other liquids. Then he was called for an encore and sang "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." I have never seen such a scene before or since. The effect seemed to be electric. One or two of the enthusiasts jumped on the table, napkins were waved, the glasses danced in reckless confusion, men threw their arms round one another's neck and a scene of wild excitement lasted for ten or fifteen minutes. Then the pipes began to skirl and the audience broke into dancing. It was all over for that night for speech making and my peroration carefully composed and worked up in house and barn at Bow Park went to the dump pile. Goff's beautiful voice treated me rather unkindly, but it was probably as well for the audience. I stayed with my friend Robertson that night and inflicted upon

him the undelivered portion of the speech. Thirty years after I delivered my Burns' oration to a lot of enthusiastic Borderers at Coldstream, Scotland. I left out the singing part of the program and Lord Dunglass, now the Earl of Home, who was in the chair, was kind enough to say it came up to standard. At least, it started the ball rolling that night and we had a splendid evening of story, song and sentiment.

I was present at another dinner of a most interesting nature. It was given by the people of Brantford and vicinity to Dr. Bell of telephone fame. His father and uncle had settled near to Brantford on the banks of the Grand River to spend in pleasant places the evening of their life. Bell had stayed there more or less and had partly perfected his great invention at their home, many of the early experiments being made there. The Brantford folks still think with pride of their by-name, "the Telephone City." It was a large and splendid gathering. The older Bells were fine elocutionists, while the inventor had an easy way of telling his story. In a way it was a pathetic farewell for us. The son had determined to go; the father and uncle made up their mind to follow. And while Brantford could not object, they felt sorry to see them leave. As I recollect, the speaking was of a high order, among the toasts being one to agriculture to which I responded.

Ontario is dry nowadays, but it was wet in those days I write of. Under the Scott act most of the surrounding towns were dry. Brantford, more especially on Saturdays, got a great influx of farmers and others who enjoyed themselves immensely. Even in the town of Kelso, Scotland, near where I was brought up, although in old days they had about forty public houses to a population of 4,000 souls, they could not touch the above town for the liquor consumed. And it was done in a quiet, easy, respectable way. In the market, which was a hive of

industry Saturday forenoons, we used to deal for the farm with a butcher who shall be nameless. During the forenoon he must have got away with a score of drinks and yet in the afternoon if you met him he looked and acted sober as a judge. Bob Phillips, our farm teamster, who did most of the marketing, had also a wonderful capacity in this way. He never forgot an errand and landed his load safely, although imbibing very freely; on the other hand, our farm men were an exceedingly sober, thrifty lot and we had no trouble with them. In the private homes there was also a lot of conviviality; not boisterous, but persistent. But as I recollect there was no excess and you went home at a respectable hour.

Another gala day of sport and pleasure was the 24th of May—good old Queen Victoria's birthday. In the three years I lived at Brantford there were a lot of very clever fellows connected with the banks and other business establishments. They were forceful not only in their work, but in their off hours. Naturally I dropped into the bunch and one of the great stunts of the year happened on the above day. The afternoon previous two or three boats and several canoes were loaded on a wagon and sent up to Galt. This town is on the Grand River. We went up by the evening train to that point and spent rather a merry night. In the morning we put our boats into the river and commenced our trip down stream. Most of these Canadian boys were good canoe men and it was wonderful how they managed to find their way down the swift running channel studded with rocks and boulders. At many places the trees hung over the river and we would drop into shady nooks. It was delightful paddling or rowing gently down stream. We had to run the dam at Paris and below it we lunched on a grassy bank a mile or two beyond that picturesque little town. All the way the banks are beautifully wooded with glimpses of meadow lands and pleasant homesteads.

Days those to be remembered. Such as the above were spent among the woods, on rippling rivers, under clear skies mottled now and again with fleecy clouds. Gradually the tall spires of Brantford came in view and down the long lake of calm water made by the dam at that point you reached the city, its windows flashing back the rays of the fast retreating sun. It seems like yesterday that I saw Jim Morton shoot over the apron of the dam into the boiling waters below, his canoe righting itself from its bold plunge and then in the spirit of devilment I sent the boat I was rowing at the same spot, with the ludicrous result that it capsized and I had to struggle to the shore, a wet and decidedly wiser man. That merry band has long ago dispersed, some to the better land, and those days of mimic warfare are only sweet memories. The red splashes of youth and vigorous manhood mellowed by the fast fleeting years, but tinged with no regrets.

The winter of 1880–81 was cold with lots of snow and good sleighing. At Bow Park by Christmas we were in good shape, our cattle well housed and an abundance of all kinds of feed. While staying in Brantford I spent nearly every day at the farm and sometimes took supper there. We had a typical English housekeeper, an old maid, who eventually came West in our service and died many years ago at her adopted town of Beamsville, near Hamilton. She took the greatest care of Hope and myself and fortunately when I got married, of my wife. On the 8th of February we had driven down after lunch, having been detained on business in Brantford during the morning, so we stayed to supper. It was a cold, clear night and while the ladies of the party hugged the base burner in the parlor, Hope and I went to the office which adjoined the house. We had commenced on some work when James Smith came in with a very solemn face and informed us that Kirklevington Duchess of

CLARENCE KIRKLEVINGTON

From painting by E. H. Dewey

Horton had just dropped a bull calf and, awful to think of, it was a white one. He had the red craze bad as any of us. So we went out to see this unwelcome arrival and when we got to the box he was born in, he was just getting up on his forelegs seeking for food. He was a lusty chap and white as the snow outside. Poor Hope was terribly disappointed as the mating of the above cow and 4th Duke of Clarence was made with great expectations. We went back to the office and smoked in silence for a bit. Then I plucked up courage and said to Hope: "Now is our chance to train a well bred steer for the Fat Stock Show?" and that evening we struck oil, as it were, when we named him "Clarence Kirklevington." The sire and dam were exceeding strong, virile animals. I do not think I ever saw a bull with more vigor than the 4th Duke and yet he was the gentlest, most lovable sort of animal, with great big expressive eyes. "Clarence" had the same expression, even more kindly if that was possible, and from the first was a great pet. When he was slaughtered nearly four years afterwards Sandie Thompson, the herdsman, wept like a child and I fancy John Hope kept out of the way. I took care to be away from the building. It may be interesting to Canadian readers especially to read the record made by this steer.

WEIGHT

November, 1882, 1,620 lbs.
" 1883, 2,045 lbs.
" 1884, 2,400 lbs.

WINNINGS AT FAT STOCK SHOW—CHICAGO

1882—Best Shorthorn Steer, one year and under two—First Prize.
1883—Best Shorthorn Steer, one year and under three—First Prize.
1883—Best Shorthorn Steer, any age—Sweepstakes.
1883—Best Steer, two years and under three, any breed, judged by feeders—Sweepstakes.
1883—Best Steer, two years and under three, any breed, judged by butchers—Sweepstakes.
1884—Best Shorthorn Steer, three years and under four—First Prize.
1884—Best Shorthorn Steer, any age—Sweepstakes.
1884—Best Steer, Cow or Heifer in the show—Grand Sweepstakes.
1884—Best Carcass, any age or breed—Grand Sweepstakes.

Following up this line of enterprise, if we may so call it, and going a little ahead of my story, in the month of October I went up at Hope's suggestion to a breeder who lived some distance north of us on the way to Guelph but whose name I cannot remember. He had a red grade steer, an exceedingly good one, and a pure bred roan cow—Lady Aberdeen. She was a wonderful cow, slightly undersize but nearly perfection in other ways. After some bargaining I purchased the cow as I thought she was the best of the two for show purposes. Hope was anxious to have both, but we had in those days dollars and cents to consider. Anyway we shipped the cow to Chicago in the early days of November, 1881, exhibiting her at the show. She walked through the female classes unchallenged but only got the reserve championship. But she made a great sensation in Shorthorn circles. I am only sorry that I cannot give her breeder's name for he deserved the large share of the credit.

The summers of 1880 and 1881 were delightful. On the farm the weather both years was favorable; enough of rain and plenty of sunshine; in fact, ideal seasons. Then we had plenty of labor and I never saw a place respond so quickly and kindly to good husbandry as Bow Park. The land had been horribly abused under Mr. Brown's management although it was only an indirect one. The best crop was weeds, more especially foxtail. Further still under the soiling system he persisted in raising rye for summer use in the barns and fodder corn for winter. Both these crops produced ergot which in turn produced abortion; a fatal thing to get into a herd. It was the mission of Hope and myself to counteract this disease, to restore the herd to natural conditions and it meant a change of cropping. This was congenial work. James Patterson now at St. Paul, Minneosta, and whose sons are doing fine work in our agricultural colleges, was

farm foreman, a most efficient man. As stated above and in other parts of these articles, one of our first jobs was to eradicate weeds. In purchasing vast quantities of hay and straw from farms generally worked by renters we imported a large amount of weeds. Loads of straw came that were a third foxtail. This went into the manure heap in course of time, the seeds lay dormant and being taken straight from the manure pile in the different yards to the fields and spread, there was a grand reproduction of all kinds of rubbish such as foxtail, mustard, etc., etc. To obviate this state of affairs we piled the manure in the fields, turned it over so that the seeds would germinate and then covered it with a species of plaster cheaply purchased in that part of the country and thus squelched practically all of the weeds and fixed the ammonia in the manure. Then we cultivated vigorously and reaped our reward. Those were busy days but the surroundings were delightful. There was a steady influx of visitors and we were able to sell a few cattle at good prices. There was some light on the horizon although the average Canadian farmer never took kindly to Bow Park. The farm lay like an ox bow guarded by the Grand River. At the north point of the big bend a canal then out of use led to Brantford, making that town a seaport before the days of railroads. Below it the river was calm, sluggish, with sedgy sides. A circular road in easy lines paralleled the river and access was had to all the fields from this useful highway. Magnificent oaks and spreading maple trees were still in great groves when I went there and if you stood on a high point by the river bank it reminded you of some wooded landscape of the English Midlands. If you started out from Brantford to see the farm you had a delightful ride of about four miles. As you left the city on your right stood the Cockshutt plough factory, on the left the Har-

ris harvester buildings, thence across the canal, away by sweet villas and small farms till you crossed the old Cockshutt bridge that spanned the river. Then you turned sharp to your left and followed the top of the bluffs. About a mile or more you came to the gate by the Indian farm and you entered the property. Your way lay among woods, past an old time orchard and garden and as you skirted the river bank a hundred feet and more below, your eye wandered away across level meadow lands till on a gently rising hillside the sun gilded steeples and the variegated houses of Brantford caught your eye, and then beyond were deep green woods backing a panorama that made me think I was once again on Cotswold hills with the deep Severn sun-kissed on summer evenings as it rolled gently past the opposing Welsh hills. One year I lived in a little house on top of the river bank just opposite this scene. In the summer nights after supper it was endless pleasure to watch the close of day. Below was the river sparkling as it rippled over a bed of rock and gravel. There was a carpet of greenery that was turning in places to gold and as the great orb of day fled westward a purple hue came over the silent land. If the wind favored you heard the bells of Brantford, otherwise the peace was not broken. This morning as I sit in sound and sight of a plaintive sea and whispering woodlands, there is a misty haze in my eye as I think of those departed scenes rich in fruit, much of which has fallen. In phantom form marches the stately figure of Brown, the broad form of Hope and all the imagery of those halcyon days.

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